

# CAPTURED!

A woman with long brown hair is shown from the chest up. Her mouth is gagged with a black leather strap. Her arms are raised and held by two men wearing white short-sleeved shirts. She has a pained or distressed expression on her face. Her left hand is resting on her right breast, and she is wearing several rings on her fingers.

A HOUSE  
OF MILAN  
PUBLICATION



\$4.50

VOLUME ONE  
NUMBER FIVE

IN  
THIS  
ISSUE:

**INSIDE  
JOB**

**RUDE  
AWAKENING**

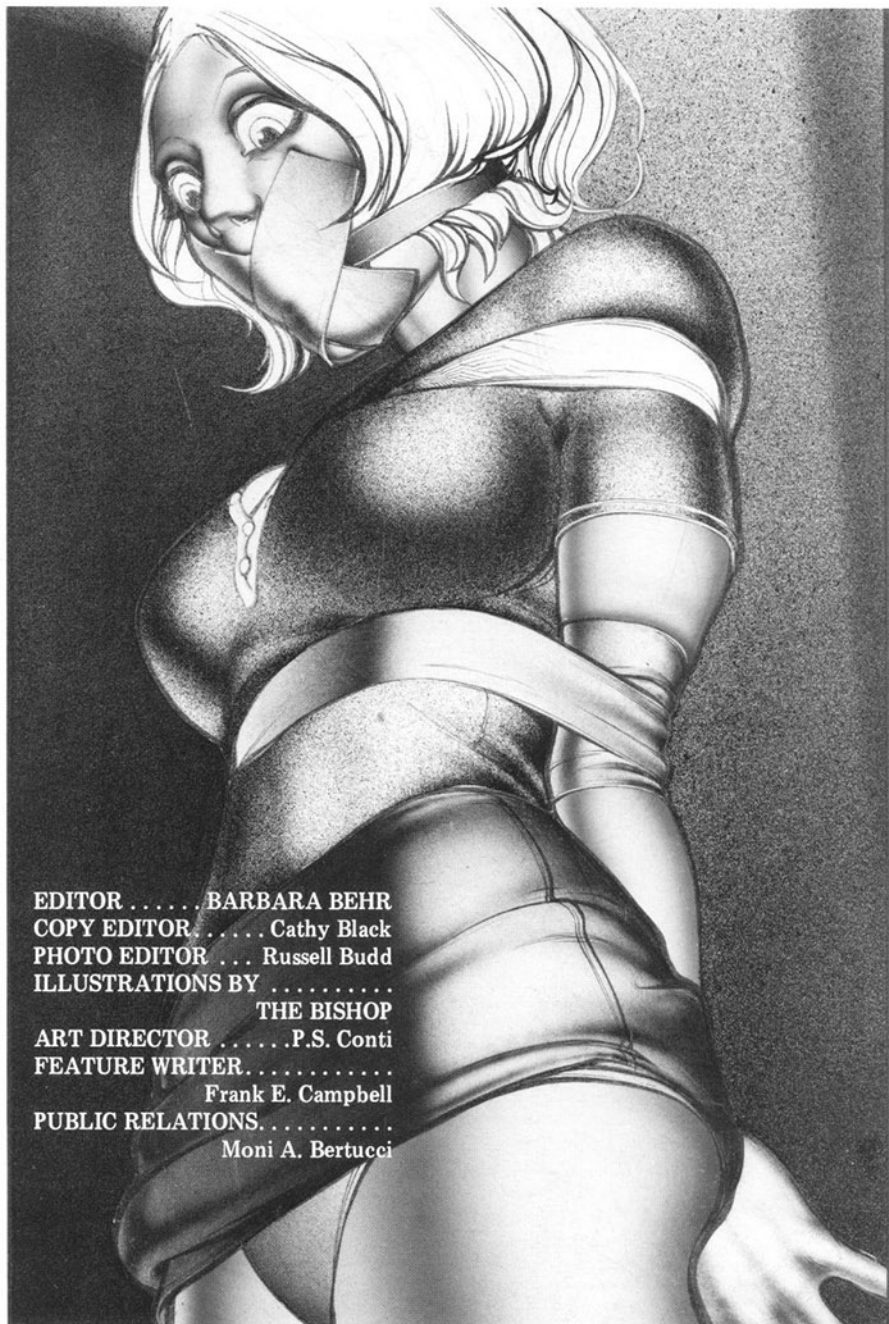
**BONDAGE  
VIBRATIONS**

**EROTIC  
BETRAYAL**

**FOR  
BETTER  
OR  
WORSE**

SALE TO MINORS IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

# CAPTURED 5



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CAPTURED is published by THE HOUSE OF MILAN CORP., P.O. Box 24080, Los Angeles, California, 90024 USA.  
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The prize of Morgan the pirate, the Confederate spy behind the Union lines, the settler's daughter bound to the Indian's stake! How many pictures the word may conjure within our minds.

To be captured, or the danger of being captured, has been a part of human consciousness forever. Here and there in recent history small segments of humanity have largely obviated the hazard by the force of Law. But over the greater face of the globe it has always been a possibility for millions. It is so today.

What do you do with someone you've captured! You lock 'em up or tie 'em up, often both.

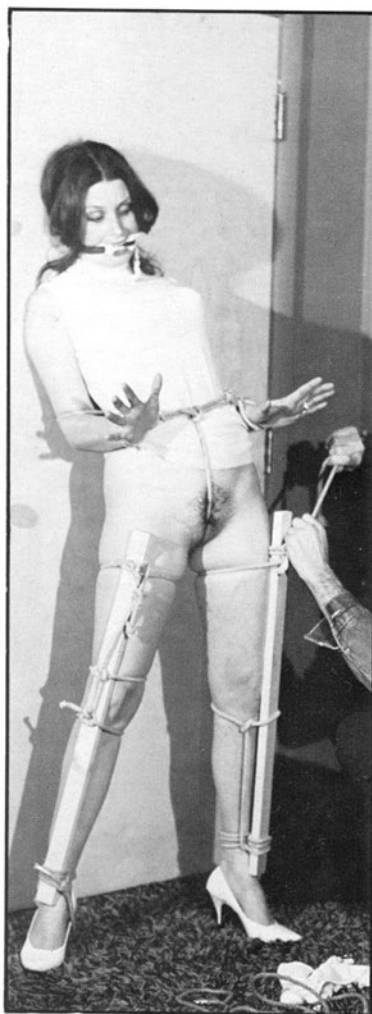
And so bondage . . . . .!

But the intriguing thing about the word is motive. Why? Why, why, why. . . ! Write down all the reasons for capturing and to be captured, and you'd fill a page. As a theme in bondage it probably offers a more diverse canvas on which to paint than any other. The word, captured, has certain connotations with kidnapping, but goes beyond, far beyond into the pages of history and adventure and romance.

Sit back in the comfort of your favorite armchair, safe in your living room, and realize the stark terror of what might have happened or is happening . . . .

The HOUSE OF MILAN CORP. wishes to facilitate your choice of reading. In each of its publications it offers a facet of the whole, and bondage is a jewel with many facets. One of them will possess a magic particularly for us.

For you.



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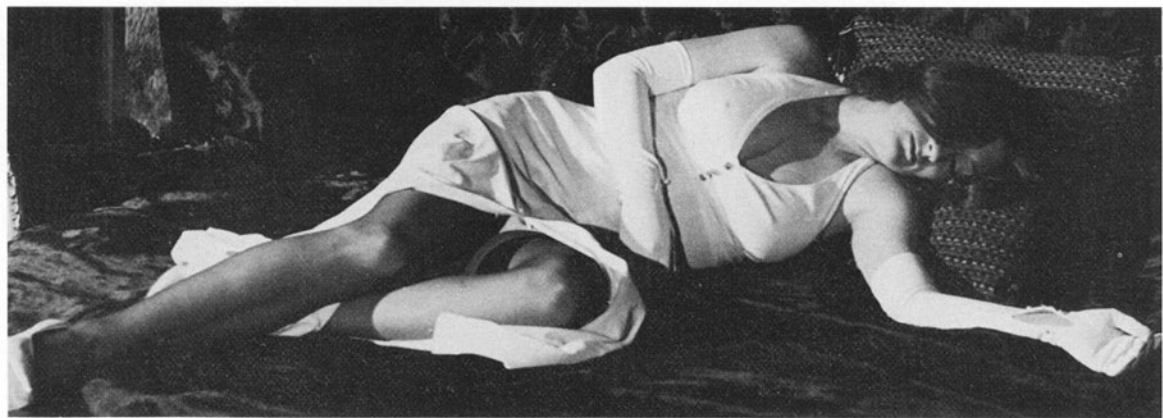
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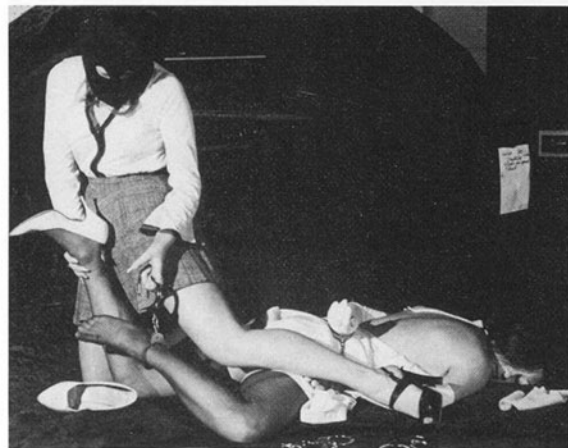


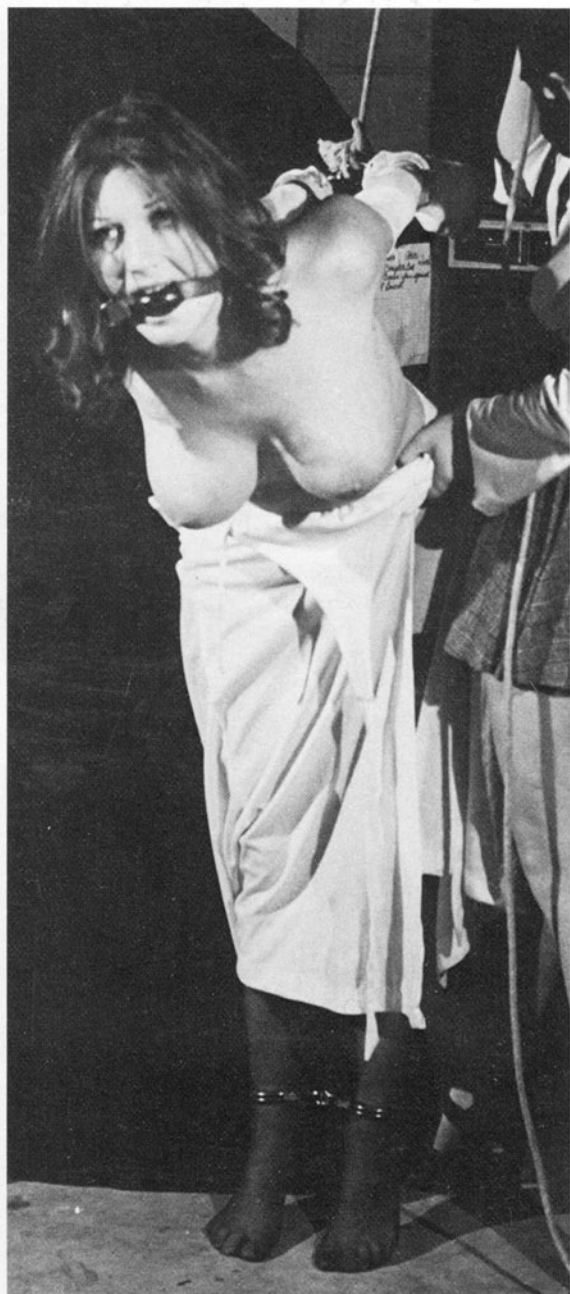
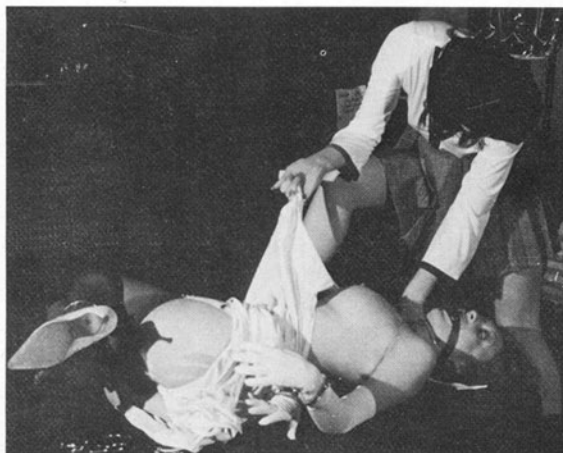




# a rude awakening

It could never have happened except when she was asleep. It could never have happened without the handcuffs. The handcuffs made it all so easy. One snap... Judy tugged angrily and instinctively, but it was too late. Exactly two handcuffs too late; one pair was on her ankles. Even her dazed protest was lost in the gag that filled her mouth and was tightly bound. Being stripped naked seemed no more than an inevitable progression.





The girl wore a hood. Judy was sure she knew her, but could not find a name. The clothes gave no clue. They were neat and normal clothes. Almost the clothes of a teenager...by now Judy's hands were high in the air. She dared not struggle much. Handcuffs hurt! She stood passively as her captor fondled all her proudest parts. Handled them lovingly in worship, and then brutally as though in envy. The two female hands held both magic and cruelty. Judy realized miserably and guiltily how







close together the two emotions were. At first she protested through her gag and shook her captive shoulders and her captive head. But the hands knew best and went on and on...soon she ceased to negate. Her breathing quickened. She was certain the face behind the hood was smiling knowingly. Her mind raced. Who among her intimates of her own sex loved girls...!

But love became doubtful when the big bag was emptied. The things that came out of it caused Judy to bite in panic at the rubber ball strapped so tightly in her mouth. Her hair flew in the frenzy of her negations. But she could not move. What was to be done to her would be done. And she herself must watch...!









It was from the dark ages, a thing of horror! How strange to see it fitted on her breast by slender female hands! It was an awfulness for an executioner of the Inquisition...not for girls! The nimble beringed fingers busily tightened wheels. Judy spared one agonized glance at the rings, but recognized none. They were probably worn deliberately to deceive. As the wicked engine tightened upon the soft curves of her breast, twisting it out of all feminine semblance, making a thing of horror out of loveliness, she knew for sure she would do anything, pay any price...! Her anguished eyes sought those of the girl who owned her. But those eyes were elsewhere...intent upon a task. Judy screamed, but make no sound. Saliva dribbled down her chin. The vise tightened, more and more...looking down at the distention of her breast and the hardened nipple she could actually see it compressed and extend out and out. Moaning soundlessly she wondered how far it could go. It went a long way and stayed on a long time. Dazedly Judy realized she was being tortured.

Tortured by a girl!

The stool came next. Judy was docile with pain, her breast throbbing. The handcuffs were so convenient. And so very secure. She thought of escape, but only as a wish, no longer as a possibility. She could never escape the shining steel bands that gripped and bit with such persistent venom. What a mockery it made of a girl's life that she could be rendered impotent by so slender a bond. Behind the hood two female eyes would gloat! She moaned in inward desolation. If only she could speak! If only...!

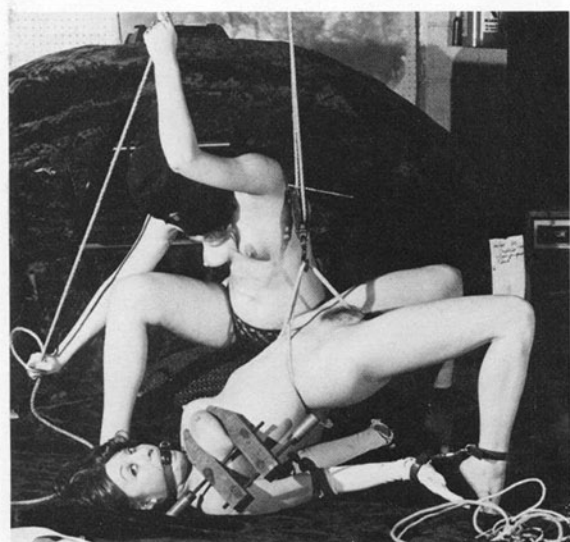
Nakedness was natural. Judy expected it. She did not care. It was another girl who stripped her, not the lewd eyes of a male. But being naked was bad for something else. It hurt more, made her less able to fight. And, above all, rendered her vulnerable! Her breasts and pussy proclaimed themselves an offering. She longed to cry. But this was not a time for tears. Besides, they would only please the girl behind the hood!

It was so obscene, the way she was bound upon the stool. Her legs were wide so that nimble fingers could find her cunt and use it as they willed. Her hands and arms were cruelly secured behind her back, the elbows drawn together by a strap. Judy guessed why; the tight strictures made her breasts implore. Made them protrude to demand attention. An attention they would soon receive. Her wracked shoulders fluttered in a dismal expectation.







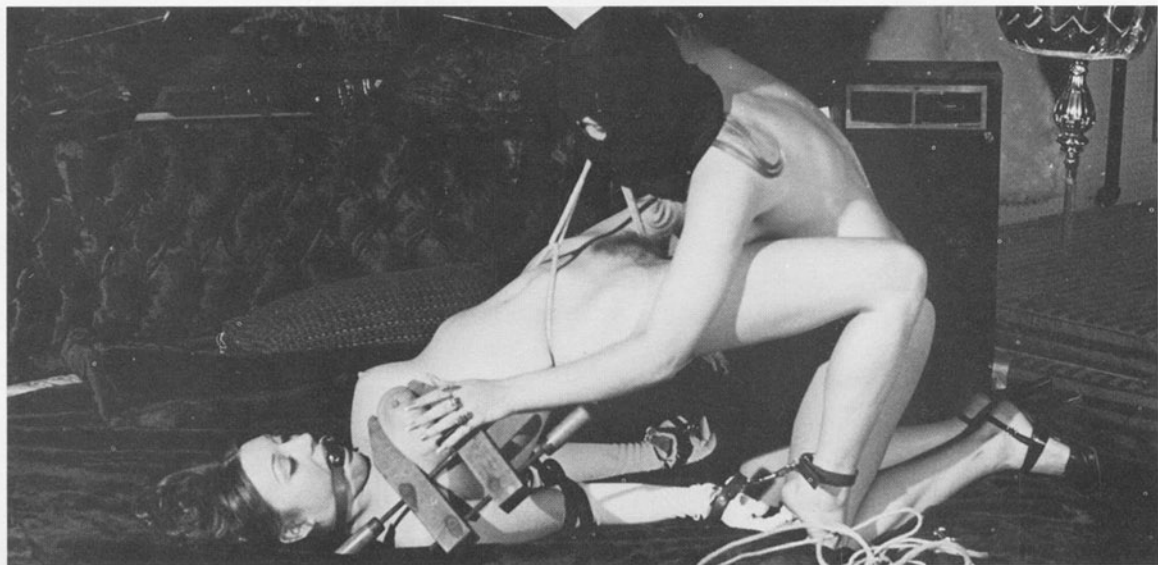






The new vise was of metal, a wicked ugly thing that did not belong upon the beauty of a girl. It was placed for her to feast her eyes upon while her breasts were bound. Bound with a vicious intent to make them even more demanding than they were, tight and hard and thrusting...and then the belt of rope and the chain between her legs. Not just between, but tugged tight so that its links entered the moist cleft opened by the knowing

fingers of the torturing girl. Tight, tight within the pubic triangle...the final invasion of a maid. And then the vise! Judy watched. She had to watch. Turn on turn so that her breast swelled around the punishing metal in her flesh. She tried to struggle, at least to demonstrate her agony. But the small motions her bonds might have allowed were now denied by the tearing compulsion of the thing upon her breast. She looked

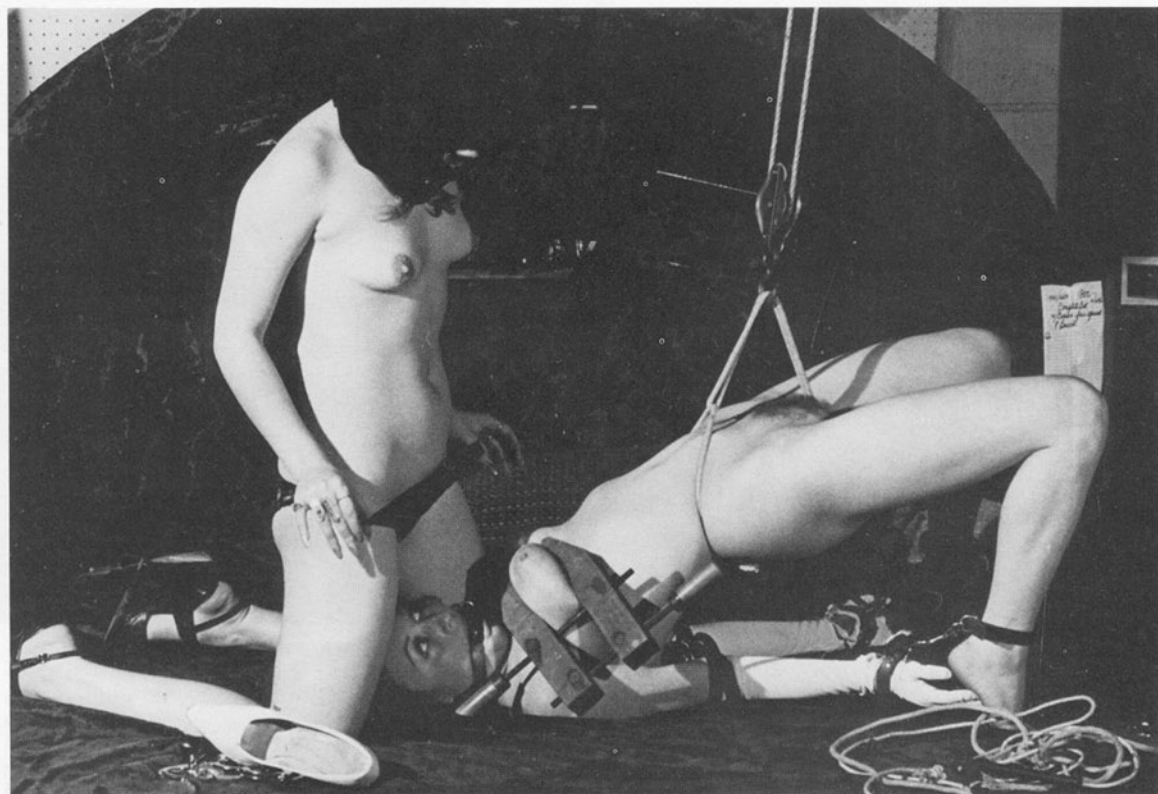


down at an incongruity of flesh and metal she did not recognize. Her breast was gone. This was something else...

Her torturer stripped nude. Judy knew what she would be made to do. She did not care. She wanted only to be done with

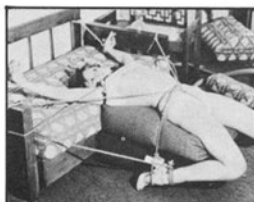
pain. She reflected wryly that she could have been made to serve so easily...

Without difficulty she recognized the pubic thatch and that which hid within. She had a name!



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is the action, resulting  
in a blistering crimson  
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# UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY!

*He walked in and stood looking at me. Surprised, but only in the same way he'd be surprised if I'd have been an antelope or a giraffe: out of context, not belonging. He was right enough a but that: a naked girl doesn't belong in a deserted factory on a Sunday afternoon. I placed him as about twenty and a hundred and fifteen pounds, most of which seemed to be Adam's apple and a massive pair of spectacles. He was scrawny and he was nervous. Maybe it was shock. "Thank goodness you've come! I said fervently. "Please get me out of this."*

There was no encouraging reaction. He just stood and looked. His eyes were large behind their thick lenses. I felt like letting him have the old tried-and-true of: "Don't just stand there, do something!" But I realized I was a bit anxious myself and maybe he'd never seen a naked woman before. He was young, and I suppose it's possible...not to have seen a naked girl, I mean! And for sure I was naked! "You haven't any clothes on." He said it as though perhaps I didn't know.

I didn't want explanations about me and George and the whole bit. "It was burglars," I said lamely.

"Burglars took your clothes off!" He sounded doubtful.

I wasn't going to tell him about that either. "Makes me more helpless," I tried to explain. "Then they tied me up. They were scared I'd go and call the cops." I gave the simple fellow my best smile. "Please untie me. I've been like this a long time."

He continued to stand and look. I felt myself blushing. Both my ankles were tied up to the ladder. I was well displayed. "My wrists and elbows are tied underneath my back. I'm lying on them. They hurt terribly. Please untie me."

He kept on looking, but I could tell he was thinking. Then he came out with the damndest fool remark: "Do you think I ought to?" His voice matched his scrawny neck.

"Hell, kid, why not?" To give emphasis I did what I'd been doing intermittently for several hours. I struggled and heaved and writhed. Quite uselessly, but surely a graphic demonstration of my helplessness. The ropes were hurting me brutally. I wanted out. "Come on," I said brightly. "You can have me loose in no time."

"But there must be a reason," he said stubbornly. "Someone must have had a good reason for...fixing you like that?"

"I've told you: burglars."

"I don't think burglars would go to all that trouble," the idiot mused thoughtfully. "You're awfully pretty, aren't you!"

So that was it! I'd have to pay the usual price. "Yes, I'm pretty," I agreed cordially. "Doesn't that make you want to help me?"

I think someone put you there. I mean, your husband or something like that..." He brightened. "Maybe you're the burglar yourself!"

"Look," I said in desperation. "If we're going to have a

debate how about taking these ropes off my elbows? They're murder. I'll still be quite helpless."

"There's probably some sort of principle involved." He was as ponderous as a judge and jury. "Are you certain you aren't being punished for something?"

The ass was an egghead. How the devil had he figured it out! "If you'll untie me I'll try and tell you all about it," I offered hopefully. I was getting desperate.

"Would you mind if I fucked you?" He might have been asking for the time.

"Yes I would! And, anyway you can't. I'm too much tied up."

With a surprising decision he untied my ankles and pulled me away from the ladder. On the basis that half a loaf is better than no bread, I kicked him in the testicles and ran. He caught me easily. My feet were clad only in nylon and it hadn't been much of a kick. He tied one of my ankles to the base of the ladder and pulled the other where he wanted it. He then raped me with a surprising competence. I lay on my bound arms and hated every thrust. He made me climax, but I hated that too.

"You're very nice," he said judicially. "I'll fuck you again in a little while." In an absent sort of manner he tied my right ankle back high up on the ladder. I wasn't going anywhere. My elbows hurt like fury.

"I'll get you money if you'll let me free," I offered. "I'll let you do that to me again too. I'll make it a lot better for you if I'm not tied."

"I don't believe you," said Sir Galahad.

"Why are you punishing me? I haven't hurt you. I need help."

"I bet your husband tied you like that. I mustn't interfere." He managed to look as pious as he sounded.

"What do you call screwing me!" I demanded hotly.

"I've never seen a girl's breasts like yours," he said quietly and proceeded to damn near bite them off. I heaved and bucked and wondered if George would laugh if he could see. I got nothing but pain out of any of it. Sir Galahad then fucked me again. After which he absently tied me up by one ankle again and went as silently as he had come.

I'm still here.



# FOR BETTER OR WORSE

"Damn you, Hank! Let go...! I've had enough of this! You and your rotten tricks! I don't wonder you can't keep a girl the way you treat us. I won't stand for it! I won't...Oh damn you!"

"Just getting nicely started, baby. Too late to beef."

"Handcuffs! Where the devil did you get handcuffs! Don't you put those things on me! Don't you dare!"

"Should have got 'em long ago, Hazel girl. Damn handy. When they're on, they're on."

"Take them off right quick. Like right now! Hank, don't be such a bastard. Another pair! Oh no...! Have you got a key for the lousy things?"

Hank chuckled. "Should throw it away, honey. Serve you right. You ain't been no little angel."

"I don't deserve this. I ought to divorce you. All these things you do! Don't those other girls complain?"

"They love it, Hazel girl. There! Nice and tight! Hear the clicks."

"I just bet they love it! About the way I do. That's too tight. They hurt. Oh, Hank...!"







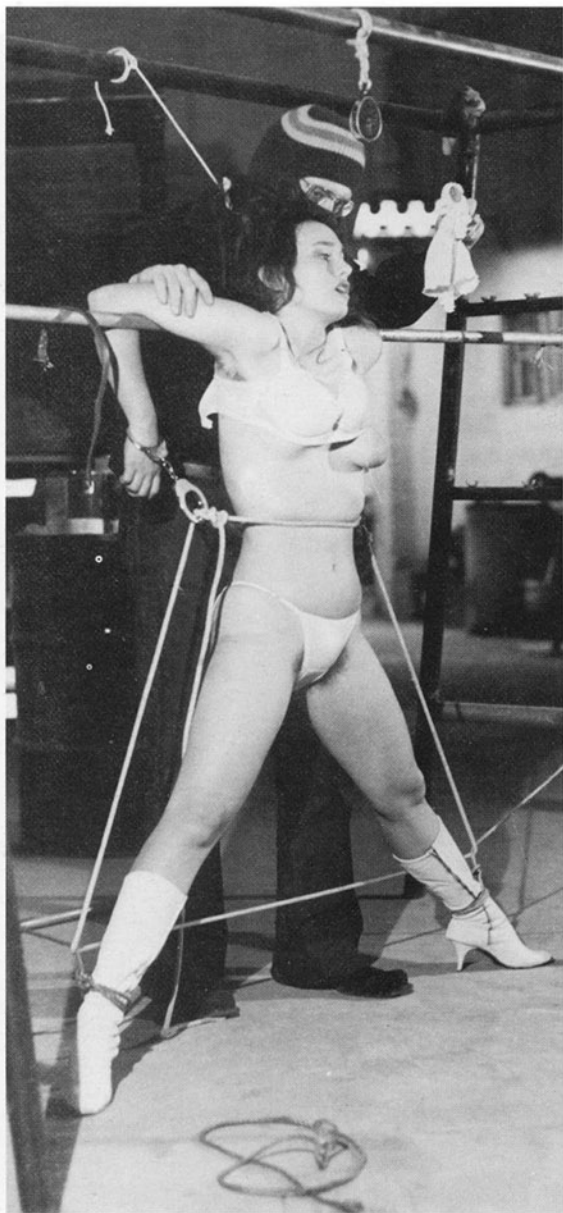
"You're getting whipped too, love. Something to look forward to."

"Don't you dare! Not again. Hank...I don't want to be whipped again. Not after last time. Get these things off me. What! Another pair! You don't need to chain me up like I was a mad dog or something. Look, if I promise to behave, can we stop this?"

"You'll behave but we won't stop. You're just beginning to look pretty. I ought to ask Archie in to have a gander."

"Hank, be sensible. What is this awful rack thing! Haven't you something better to do! Ouch, that hurts! And why do I always have to be nearly naked...Oh stoppit!"





"Hows about a gag, love?"

"You know what you can do with that! Don't you... Wugggh!"

"Let's try having you hang by your elbows. You'll feel the handcuffs better. Sure, sure, I know! You don't like it and you'll get a divorce. Just be patient, hon. I know you can't wait to get whipped."

"That was awful! Oh, Hank, don't you love me anymore? Not now, maybe, but later. And get rid of all that silly pipe thing. I don't want to hang on that again. Have you put Mabel Fuller on it yet? And what are you up to with that belt?"









"Upside down, honey. About right for you. Makes this little cunt real handy." Hank thoughtfully tugged loose a few curled hairs. "Want me to do a bit of plucking...? That's spelt with a 'P'."

His suspended wife writhed frantically and made gugging sounds.

"Told you I'd take the gag off when I whipped you, Hazel. And Mabel didn't make half this fuss."

"Hank, don't just sit there and flick me with that damn belt. How can you sit while I'm like this. I'd have thought you'd have the decency...oh, damn you,





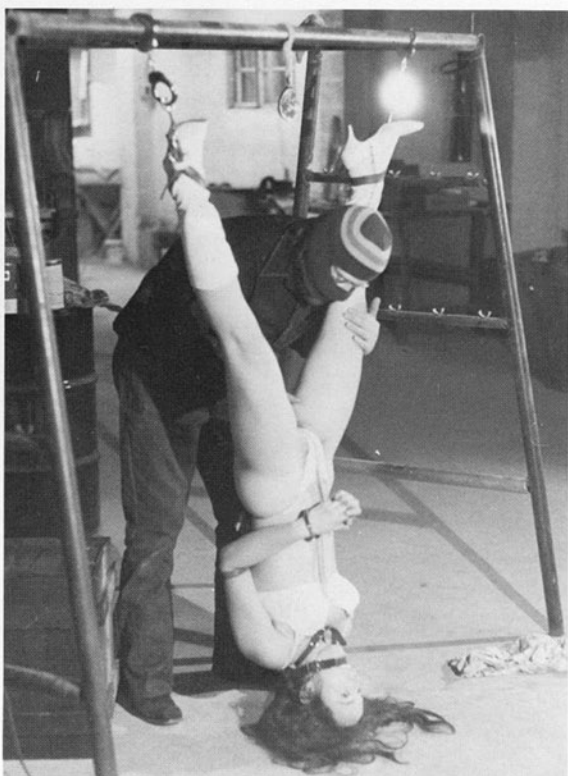
that hurts! Stoppit!"

"If I get up, I'll start to lace you good."

"Well sit down then! No one on the street would think...do you use that damn belt on Mabel too? No, Hank! Stay where you are. Hank...!"

"You sure do put out a good scream, Hazel girl. Got Mabel beat a mile. Wish you could see that little rump of yours twitch. You're coming up a lovely red. I'll try it a bit harder so's to get some purple in there."

"That's enough. That's plenty! Oh Hank! Not in front too! Ow! Ouch...!"







"Lovely hip action, honey. You're tops. I shouldn't bother with Mabel at all. Think you could stand an extra every week?"

"Damn you and your Mabel! She likes it. I don't!"

"You'd miss it if you didn't get it. You're enjoying every lick. Here, I can tighten that cuff another notch."

"Blast you, that's hurting too much! Please-e-e-e-e, darling, go a bit easy. Oh-h-h-h...not the gag again! I thought I told you! Oh...glug!"

"You look lovely, sweetheart. Best little wife a man ever had to whip. I'm real proud of you. Mabel

and Archie are dropping over after awhile for a beer. We're all going to sit and admire...you're just as pretty as a picture."

Hazel's eyes widened above her gag. The pipework frame shook with the intensity of her protest. She shook her head again and again.

"You're right, honey, you won't enjoy it. But then, you're not intended to. But maybe if you're real good next week I'll let you have a look at Mabel sometime. She wouldn't like it either. Should be fun."

Hank patted Hazel's pussy and went to watch the game.





"No girl's ever going to get herself out of this contraption," Mavis said with decision.

Carol instantly detected the faint quaver of fear. "You're scared," she accused. "Fraidy cat! Five minutes was the bet, and I'll stand right here. I'll play with you if you like, but it wouldn't be in character. I will take your clothes off though, and you can't stop me."

"Don't you dare! Carol...No! What if someone comes!"

"What...! In Little Snodsbury in the wold at one A.M. The village has been asleep for two hours. There! You look sweet naked, and so beautifully helpless."

### SOLIDLY IMPRISONED

The girl whose slender neck and wrists were solidly imprisoned in the stocks shifted uneasily. "That's O.K. for you. But you've no idea how this feels. I can't do a thing 'cept kick one leg. Be a sweet and put my bra and panties back on. I'll feel better. Right now I'm quite sure every eye in the county is looking at my bare behind."

"No. That's the way a girl's supposed to feel in the stocks. It was a shaming thing, that's all. I wonder what the Reverend would say if he found you in his prize exhibit!" Carol giggled deliciously at the thought. "He was right, y'know 'bout it only being girls who'd want their photo taken. That's why they're a snug fit. No holy male's going to let himself get in the fix you're in. I don't know which is the worst: that one or this other where you sit down and it grabs your ankles."

"Don't you dare sit in that!" Mavis commanded anxiously. "If something went wrong..."

"Gee Whiz, you do have the wind up, darling! Is it that bad? I mean, do you really feel as though you're there for life?"

### CAPTIVE SQUIRMED

"Not just life! Forever!" The nude captive squirmed within her wooden prisonment. "Isn't that five minutes up yet?"

"Don't be impatient, sweet. You're suffering in a good cause. The Reverend's fund for replacing the church roof will be five shillings richer for your penance. That was a stroke of pure genius hiding the cash meter inside the post where it doesn't affect the ancient appearance: 'Put your girl in and pay five shillings to get her out.' What a slogan! Takes one of these country Vicars to think up ways of raising cash. Little Snodsbury will never be the same." Carol chuckled. "I'm told he wanted to renovate the torture chamber in the castle but his Bishop wouldn't let him. A pity. A good torture chamber at ten bob a head would have rebuilt the whole church. Is it hurting, darling?"

"It's not exactly hurt. It's sort of one big ache." The naked captive wriggled experimentally. "Not much I can do to help. Golly, I wouldn't want to stand in these things all day! And I'm damn glad it's a warm night. That was mean, taking my clothes. You just wait!"

### WELL DISPLAYED

"Maybe you should have chosen the one with the bench, sweet. We absolutely must try it sometime. I've been looking at the holes for your ankles, they're



awfully far apart. I'm surprised at the Reverend; any girl sitting in those would be well displayed...with nothing on she'd cause a riot."

"Never mind about that. My time must be up by now. I think you owe me five shillings."

BONDAGE OPPORTUNITY



"I think I'll leave you there all night and give you ten."

"Oh, Carol, don't joke. That's not funny, not in this awful thing. I curl up at the thought. Just imagine, being found like this in the morning by goodness knows who! Please let me loose, I'm scared."

"Just a moment, pet. It's two twenty-five P's isn't it? This new money! It's in my bag. Oh darling! Oh damn!" Carol peeped sheepishly round the post. "My purse, it's at home...and you didn't bring a bag."

The voice of the shocked captive in the stocks rose in a wail she prudently checked. "Carol! You idiot! Oh darling...get me out of here. Oh please...! Anything...! Do something!"

Carol bent and kissed the captive lips. "Hush, pet. Don't panic. The cottage is only a minute or two. I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Don't leave me. Oh no-o-o-o! Not like this. I'll die."

"Well, I either go get the money or you stay the way you are?"

### IMPATIENT WAITING

"Oh alright! But I'll hate every minute. I'll see ghosts. Please hurry. Please, please, please...!"

They kissed as though the parting was forever. The captive girl, naked in the grip of the stocks, used every nerve and muscle to do the normal things of hugs and the frictioning of breasts, but she could do nothing. Mournfully and apprehensively she watched the lithe figure of she who still retained her freedom flit away across the village green in the moonlight. When the speeding flash that was Carol disappeared behind a hedge, her place was taken by the ghosts...Mavis could see them everywhere. She closed her eyes. Her heart thumped painfully. In a sudden resentment against the pride and joy of the Reverend Hillary Quayle she struggled madly, kicking and tugging at the implement designed for her humiliation. Nothing moved. It was as though she was encased in solid iron. Mavis dared not open her eyes for fear of what she might see. She kept them tightly shut and offered up a small but fervent prayer.

To the fleeting Carol the situation was delicious. Something for a book or from the T.V. A mental picture of the Reverend Quayle's face should he behold his lovely prize was almost too good to relinquish. But all night! Tempting as it might be she could not do it, not to Mavis. Still giggling inwardly she opened the door of their small cottage and went into the tiny hall.

### RUDE INTERRUPTION

The hand that went over her mouth was large and strong and redolent of maleness. So was its partner that gathered up her wrists as though they were a pair of ribbons. The knee in her back that forced her face down upon the floor was equally a man thing. The noose of twine by which her thumbs were tied behind her back must have been prepared for this special moment. Its bite was swift and certain and left her astoundingly helpless.

"If you prefer to scream I'll gag you." The voice was educated, pleasant, faintly amused.

"No, please! No gag. I won't scream." Her words were instinctive.

The pressure on her back was lifted. The strong

hands lifted her to her feet. Carol turned, a pretty girl at bay, eyes wide.

He was quite anonymous. Slacks, a turtleneck, suede shoes and a hood. She felt certain that behind it he was laughing at her panting impotence. "What do you want?" she demanded angrily, and then added, "as if I didn't know!"

"Well, yes. I want that too. After all, mere chivalry... But I think there are some few items of value?" The voice was still amused. Carol wished he didn't wear a hood.

### HOODED PRESENCE

"I'll show you where our money is if that's what you want," she said doubtfully. "But you absolutely must leave me five shillings." She told him why.

Her burglar laughed delightedly. "I say, that's simply priceless. You mean...the poor girl...and naked! He slapped his thigh and laughed with genuine enjoyment.

"It's not funny," Carol chided. "Could you please rob us and let me go? You sound civilized. I'm sure you'll understand."

"Actually, love, I was going to combine a bit of pleasure with business at this address. You're my third call this evening. The others were just cash and heirlooms. Next week I'll do Lower Blessington under the hill. Absolute gold mine these old places."

Carol was a realist. "Do you wish to spend your lust on me now or after the cash?"

"There is a small preliminary. Too good a chance to miss."

"What's the prelim? Look, please! Hurry up."

"I'd thought of caning your bottom."

"Don't dawdle. Think of that poor girl."

"I suppose I could cane hers too. You could guide me to the stocks. If I pull the bow on your thumbs, will you undress?"

Carol froze. The repartee had eased tension. The cultured voice had reassured. But...! "You don't need me naked," she protested confusedly. "Please hurry. If you'll untie my thumbs I'll take off my pants and raise my dress. That should be enough. You're joking about the caning?"

"No joke, poppet. Starkers! Want me to do it?"

"Oh, very well! But do please hurry. I'm not going to fight. It would only delay things."

### COINS FOR MAVIS

The removal of the cord on her thumbs changed the balance of power only slightly. Her burglar was too big to fight. Carol gave him the two feminine bags and purses. She watched miserably as he counted out the two coins that spelt release for the hapless Mavis, and then helped himself to their landlady's silver which he stowed in a capacious bag already well loaded. Carol slipped out of her brief panties and threw them on the carpet like a gauge of battle. Hopefully, she stood.

"And the rest. Come on!" The male voice held command.

Carol stripped. It was not her first time. But his hood changed things. Threw the situation off balance. Forthrightly she lay upon her back on the drawing room rug and spread her legs. "Get it over with," she demanded without enthusiasm.













"That's what the whores say. You're not one are you! And, no. I will not get on with it as you charmingly invite. Stand up. You look obscene lying there! Give me your hands."

Mavis disarmed. Without the naked girl waiting in the stocks, Carol would have fought. But her mind was filled by the need of haste. Left in her helplessness too long, Mavis might become hysterical. Carol held out her hands and watched cringingly as each small wrist was circled with cord from the pregnant bag. "Nice pair of columns between the rooms," the burglar observed cheerfully. "Made to order really. D'you mind."

Passively Carol allowed herself to be made captive. She followed his every movement as he lifted and spread her arms and tied them to the uprights. He pulled them tight enough that she was forced to stand on her toes. "Will this silly business take long?" Her mind was still obsessed by a need for haste. "Please hurry." A man with a pleasant voice like that surely would not be too cruel!

"Ever had six of the best, poppet?"

### STINGING WELTS

"No, but I've heard of them. Who in England hasn't! Is that what I have to endure to satisfy your perversion?" Her voice was weary.

The cane whir-r-ed and cut her pert and unprepared bottom into a thousand agonies. Carol yelped and surged against the cords which reciprocated by biting even further into her skin. A fetishistic dalliance with sex had exploded her world. Such pain could never be! But it was! And on her own flesh! The searing scald told her of blood staining her thighs. She pictured wounds unspeakable. She was turning to tell him of the utter impossibility of what he was doing when the

second stroke also caught her unawares and sent her into a writhing paroxysm of anguished protest.

"You do that very well." The male tribute was sincere. "You also mark nicely. Two of the nicest scarlet lines I've ever drawn. One's turning purple."

"No! Oh no! You can't!! Carol managed to hurt her tied wrists enough to meet the hood with a single eye and a straining twist. "You can't understand...! Such pain. It's impossible!"

Her burglar thoughtfully picked up her discarded panties. "I believe the use of these is considered de rigueur in certain circles," he observed as he stuffed them in her protesting mouth. "Bite down hard, love, this one's going to sting."

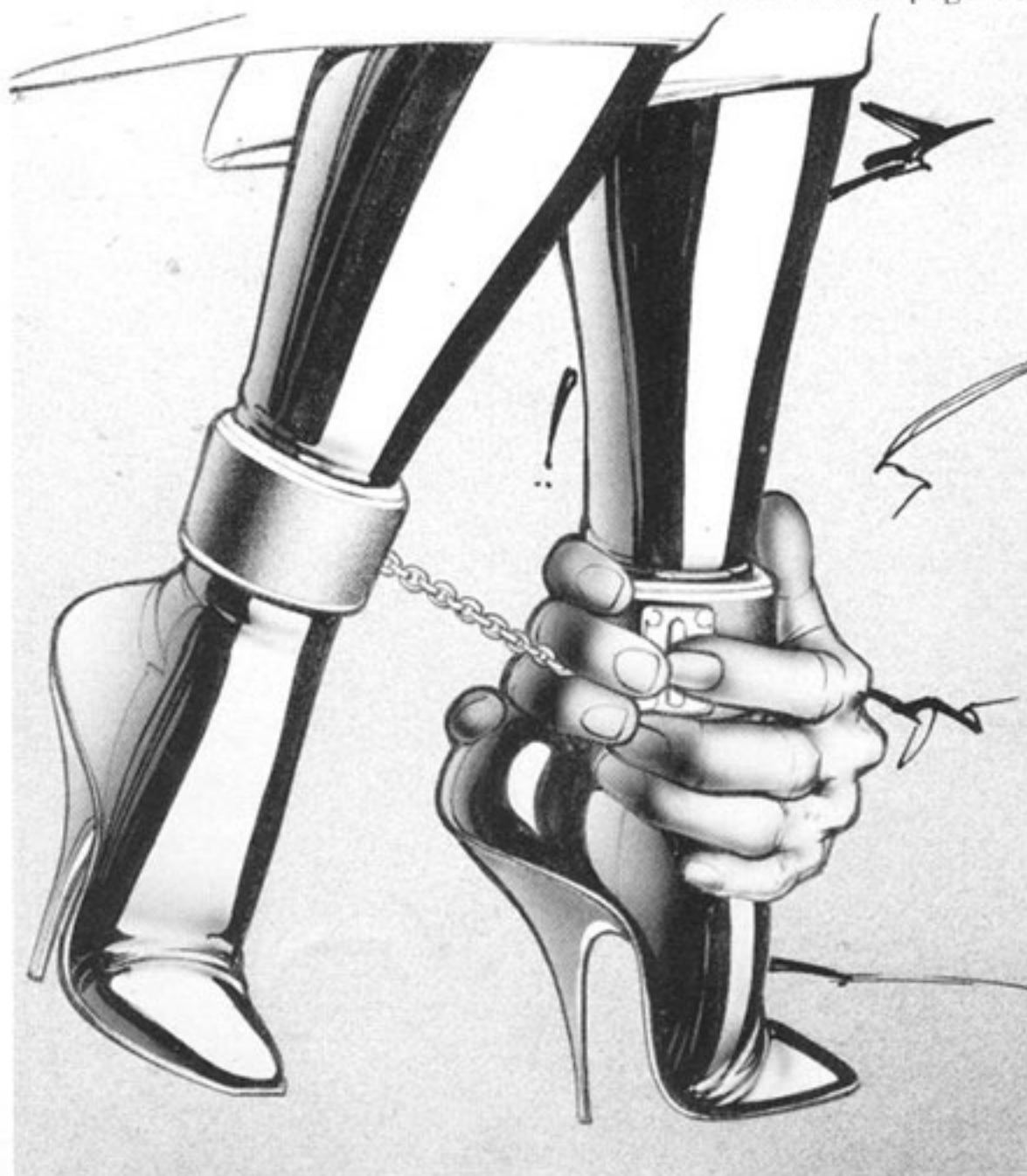
It stung with all the bitterness of knives and irons and whips. Carol's being shriveled in an experience such as she had never known, in a degree of sensation she would never forget. Her flesh cried out in desolation at its ravishment. Her female odor filled her mouth and told her of her impotence.

### YELPED AND SURGED

He caned her competently as though in dedication to a task. From time to time he bent beneath her uptied arm so as to stand and face her punished nakedness. At such times, between her sobs, her gasps, and her writhing hips, the captive girl gazed at him with eyes wide in appeal and a great need to understand. "Six of the best!" It was a standard joke. But this...! If only she could speak!

"You're bearing up well, love," he assured her jovially. "I'm a bit of an authority on girls' bottoms. Yours is superb. Absorbs the cane marvelously. You could stand a hundred. Good healthy girl, I'd say." He returned to his post and resumed the air-slicing strokes that took the pinioned girl into a new strange land.

Continued on page 44









It happened too quickly. The brutal hand. The knife. The stern commands. Naomi's groceries hit the floor with a sad thump and were kicked aside, her instinctive motions and exclamation inhibited by the hand at her throat and the shining blade thrust hard between her breasts.

"If it's rape, don't hurt me. I'll lie down and spread my legs." It was her own prepared set speech for a thing that should never happen to a girl but might. Naomi supposed every girl kept one in her mind for emergencies.



The voice behind the hood was disguised. Probably a wad of gum. "Rape's for cissies, kid. You and me's grown up."

A girl cannot argue with a knife! At least Naomi was not going to. No rape...? What then...! What else did men do to girls at the end of a knife! She knelt while he bound her hands. He had come equipped. She watched in dazed wonderment as the white strands went round and round her wrists. It was a strange feeling, a primitive sensation. She was being made captive. Her will was being taken away. When he knotted the cord she would belong to this stranger behind the hood. If he was a stranger...when the knot was tied and her wrists were then bound to the knob of the door, Naomi saw only a bizarre incongruity. A captive maiden tied to the knob of her kitchen door! Absurd! How easy to laugh. But she did not laugh.

# INSIDE JOB





She yelped in shock and outrage when he tripped her to the floor. The tie that had seemed silly now held her helpless while her hooded visitor tore away her skirt and then her panties.



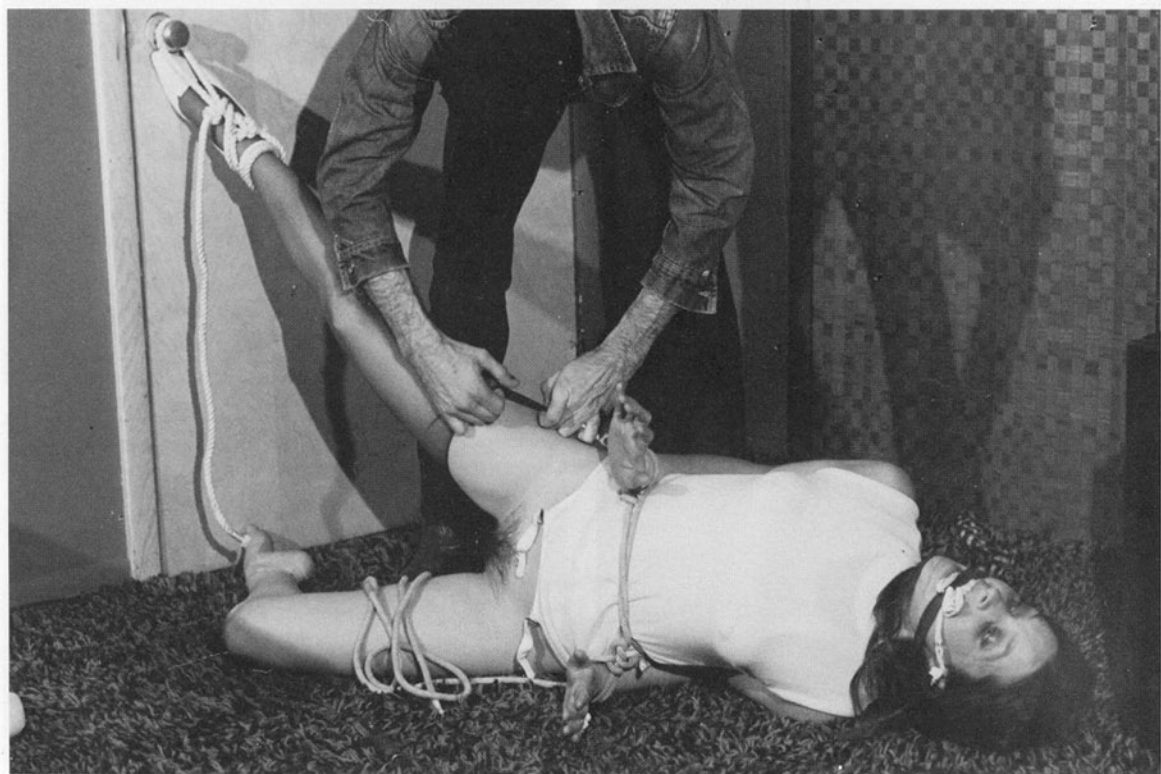
She took a small comfort in the fact she was allowed her hose. The gossamer nylon might be an armour against the rape in which he disclaimed interest. There was an inevitability about the gag. Girls were always gagged, weren't they! In any case she was too scared to make a sound. But she soon discovered gags aren't fun. Her mouth was stuffed and wadded and bound. Without communication her assailant seemed doubly menacing. If there were things she had to tell him she could not!

Naomi knew it was only for his own amusement that her ankle was tied up to the handle of the door. For a little while she sat awkwardly thus while the hood stood quietly enjoying her discomfort. Naomi knew there was more than a raised leg for him to see. The nylon of a pantyhose hides little. With forethought he left her ankle tied above while he bound her arms. Face down upon the rug she could not fight. In panic Naomi found herself in more and more helplessness. When he

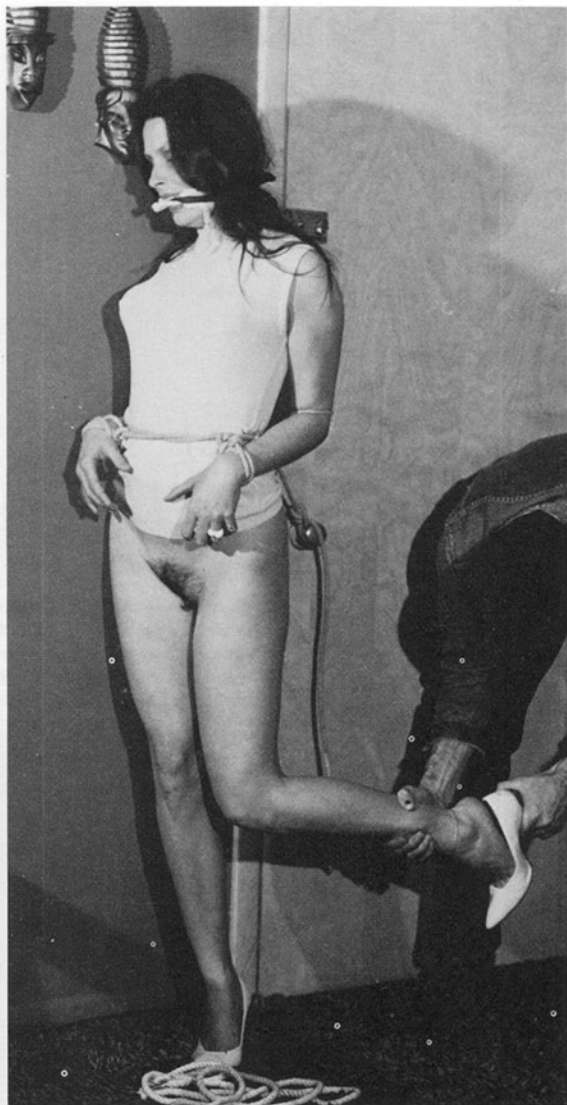
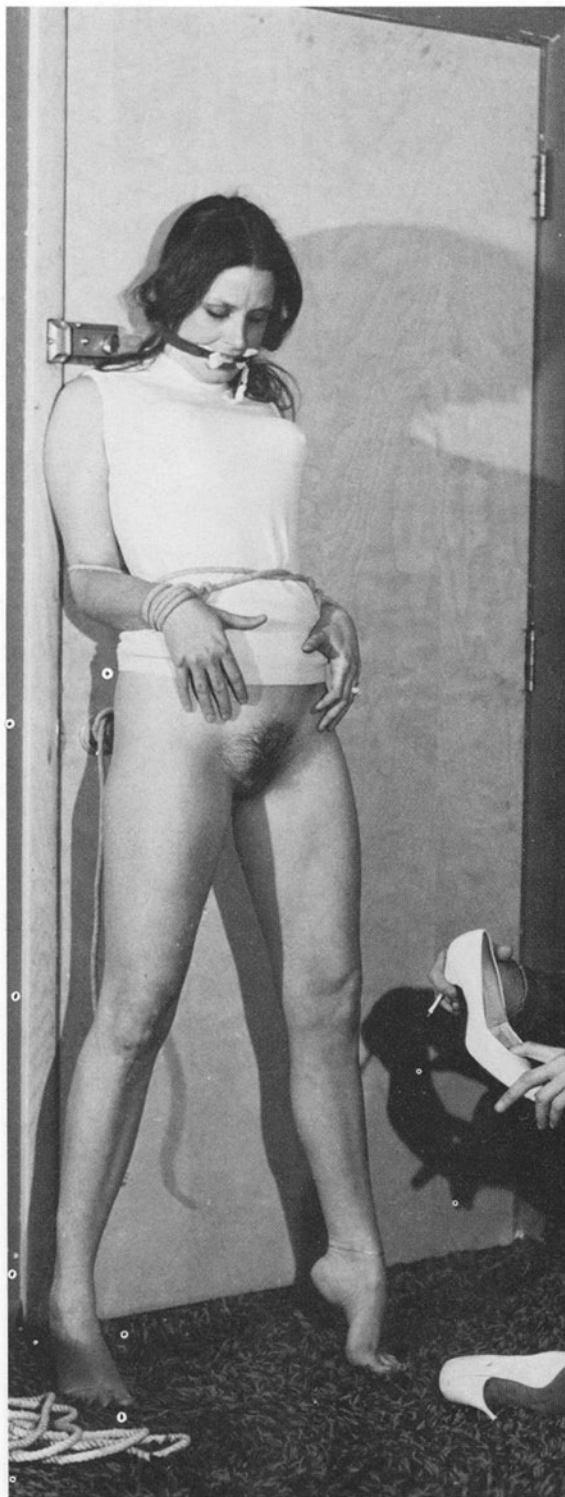




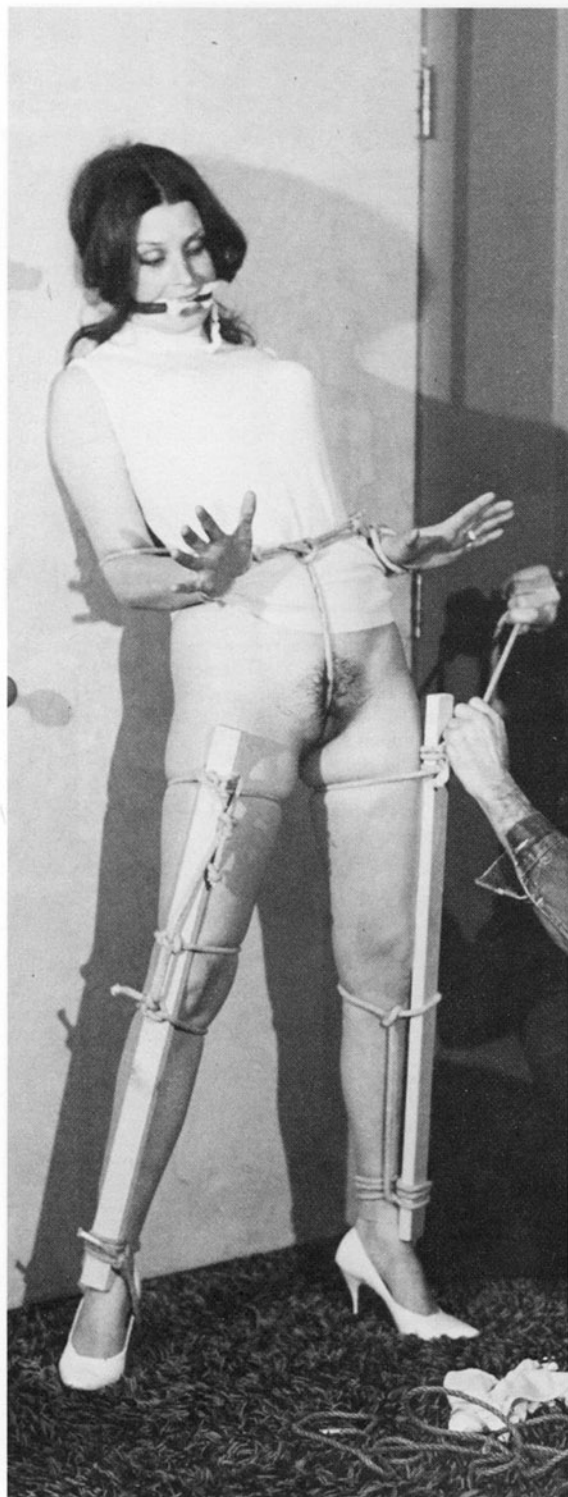
raised her to her feet so that he might more conveniently tie her elbows, she flushed red in the knowledge of her curved rump twinkling at him from beneath his work and her tiny sweater. Because of her round protrusion she felt more naked than naked. Instinctively she thought of being whipped...







What did he want with her! His mood seemed almost Puckish when he searched and found the wooden strips. With them bound firmly upon the full length of her legs she stood straddled and obscene, hating her helplessness and him. Powerless to escape. Held there for his amusement like a Kewpie doll. She knew the most obvious thing about her now was her cunt. It would be peeping at him provocatively through its sheer and filmy shield. If he did not use it he must indeed have strange ideas! Naomi shivered. Since when had a girl preferred to be raped to facing the unknown! Dazedly she made a startling reassessment of values. There could be worse things than rape! How frightening a thing to be a girl! She twisted against her bonds and saw him stop and stare. He enjoyed it, enjoyed her impotence. He owned her, she was his. Dimly, Naomi glimpsed the shadows of his mind. Perhaps, for a man to physically own a girl was the greatest thrill of all!





The big arm chair was brutal. He took out the knife again to counter her rebellion at the pain of kneeling on the narrow hardwood arm. By now he had her tied so that rebellion was no longer practical. Her arms and hands were strictured behind her back. A cord was pulled tight from the rope around her waist, down and between her legs, and then...

Naomi did not believe the 'and then...' Surely not! It was not possible! Why would a man...? What would a man do that for...! She watched, fascinated, as he looped the cord around the phallus thing. She felt the thrust of the point between her lubricated lips, then felt his rough impatient tearing away of the nylon. She gasped and tensed as she was impaled by his rubber toy, the evil little male thing that would be-devil her for as long as it found a burrow within her sheath. He pushed it home and bound it very tightly. Naomi was a package delivered to sensation.



Sensation! She thought scornfully of the thing she must perforce harbor between her legs. It was a nothing when measured against the agony of her knees. Her feet were bound the full span from knee to ankle. Nothing she could do would relieve the stress of her weight upon the wood.

Nothing she could do! That was the way it was now. The hooded man sat and watched. His eyes glowed behind the hood. Naomi knew he was waiting for the prong within her to invoke its power. But, oh, she hurt, hurt, hurt...

The Hood sat waiting.







## PUNISHED NAKEDNESS

"Wet thatch, love! It's a good sign. A small fire in the loins, eh!" His questing hand had circled her slenderness and cupped her sex. He raised it and thrust it against her face. Carol twisted her head in an agony of shame. Her own scent! It was unmistakable. And on his hand! Why, oh why! And the small fire: he was right about that too. She wept in chagrin.

"Twenty with the cane, love. Generally considered enough. Wouldn't have a whip handy, would you?"

Carol cursed her sudden tensing. He would read it. He did! The whip he unearthed from the closet was a supple black threat. It had belonged to the landlady's husband. "Nnnn-ng!" It was the best she could manage.

"Quite so, love. You think I shouldn't use it. You think you can't stand it. You think you're already bleeding. Wrong on all counts. Try this one for starters. Should be a whole new dimension."

## SEARING PAIN

It was! A dimension of awfulness in which Mavis and all else were forgotten in Carol's tribute to the God of pain. She felt the slicing of her flesh again. She turned this way and that in often futile efforts to evade the lash's tip across her breast. She moaned in hopeless denial when he tied her feet as wide as were her hands, and then whipped the inside of her thighs and sent the stinging horror up between her legs to splat itself within the wetness of her female slit. Her wet and muffled sounds and the contortions of her body were a constant harvest for his skill.

"I'm a bit sorry about this, old girl," her torturer said with an incongruous sincerity. "But I don't often get a chance like this. Pity to pass it up. I'm sure you'll agree. Might never happen again..." He slashed the searing braid squarely across her shoulders and beneath her arm.

## LED ON LEASH

He took no chances with her now. A rope round her neck for a tether and a leash. Her hands expertly crossed and tied behind her back while her feet were still secured. Her feet loosened, he laid her on the rug and took her into a far and golden land where the whips sang only the songs of love and the cane thrummed as an eternal and celestial harp. Carol scarcely noticed that she was lying on hands tightly bound and impotent. Later, much, much later when he pulled upon her leash she followed without resistance, dazed in pain and wonder, unaware of nakedness.

Mavis greeted them in open-mouthed amaze. The burglar immediately transferred the panties from Carol. "I'm sorry, darling," Carol told her now speechless love. "I did the best I could. There's been a bit of a delay."

"And there's going to be a bit more," their burglar averred fervently as he tethered his first captive by her leash to the post. "A night to remember...just look at that bottom! It's crying out loud!"

Carol watched as he caned her best friend, her love. She was as helpless as was the victim herself. Neither girl could escape her bonds. She watched in utter desuetude as the limber withe cut and slashed the helpless flesh of a girl who was divorced from her body

by the solid and uncompromising bulk of the pillory in which she was held. She wondered, shamed, if she too had so contorted her nudity in distress. She thought of screaming. But to what avail! Their ordeal was nearly done. They could limp back to their cottage, hurt and sore and impoverished, but with honour intact. No one would know...

## LASHED IN STOCKS

"Mustn't overdo a good thing." The burglar was panting. Tears streamed down the cheeks of his whipped victim. Carol was hypnotized in horror at her companion's purple wounds that matched her own. "Damn good piece of work, if I do say so myself!" The words from beneath the hood held genuine pride. "I say, y'know, you two girls are a couple of corks. I'm no end grateful! By the way, what have we here?"

Carol helplessly watched him inspect the second set of stocks. She saw him raise the upper half and examine the workmanship. She cringed. "Wouldn't mind trying these out, would you?" The hood gazed up at her earnestly. "Might never have another chance."

"Do I have any other choice?"

"No. Unless, of course, you'd like me to give that weeping damsel twenty more - all the best, naturally." He took the noose from her neck.

With a terrible premonition the naked Carol sat. The hard bench hurt her wealed bottom. Her tied hands precluded resistance. "Don't lock it," she pleaded. "Please don't lock it. Please-e-e-e!"

Their burglar lowered the top section on the naked ankles almost obscenely spread. He locked it with a solid click.

Mutely the two girls watched him walk away with his bag.



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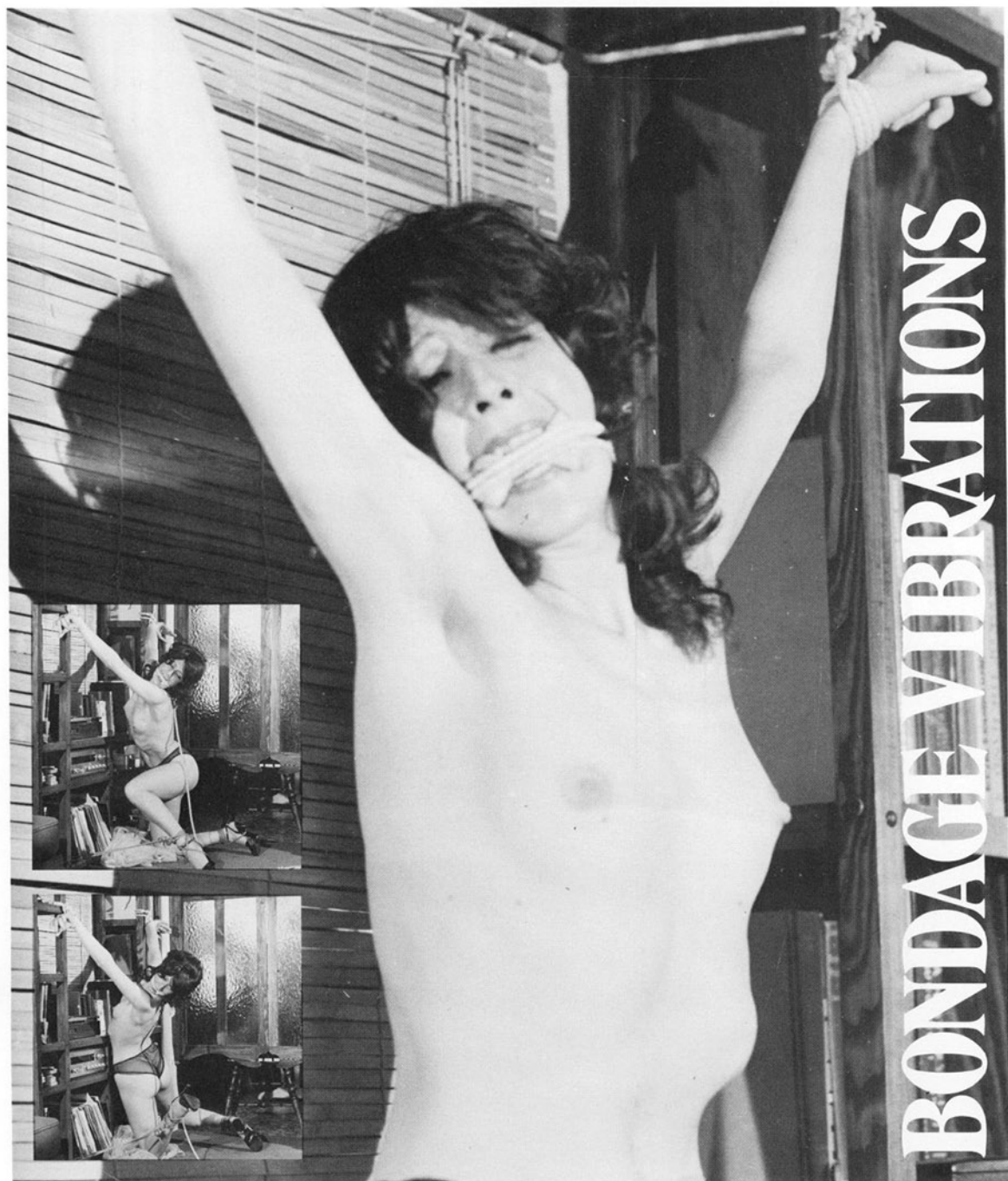
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*As afternoon wears on, I start  
To fix his evening meal.  
Anxious for his footstep and  
His stern command to "Kneel!"  
I hope he'll have some new ideas  
To make me squirm and squeal--  
The hampered housewife's real reward:  
More leather, rope, and steel!*

—Nob—





I've never much liked Alice, but she is my stepsister so I opened the door, unprepared for the powerful thrust that sent me sprawling. I cowered against the wall, staring in disbelief at the bruiser who leered down at me and said with a patronizing familiarity: "Pretty little sample. It's going to be a pleasure, Maam."

While he tied my hands I looked up at my sneering sister in an agony of understanding. "It's the waiver...?"



"Right first time, Dilly. You can sign it now or later. Rabbie here would sooner it's later. Make those ropes tight, Rab. Everything's got to hurt."

It was already hurting. I hadn't much on. The ropes scalded as he cinched away at them. He handled me like a package. I never even got in a good kick. I'd said:





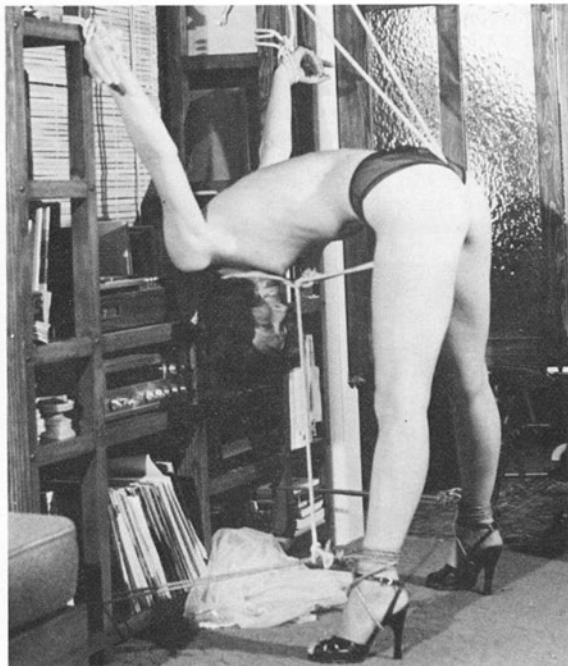
"Ouch!" four times before I told her: "But even if you made me sign now, I'd repudiate..."

She laughed pityingly. "You'll stay with Rab until the lawyer processes. Only a day or so."

"You'd leave me with this ugly brute...!"

His slap on my cheek rocked me and scared me silly. "You've hurt his feelings. I'd be nice to Rab if I were you." Her voice was a sneer.

I went into a cyclone of struggling against bonds that held me so that my breasts and my sex seemed everywhere. When I stopped, exhausted, Alice was gone. Rab grinned. "You don't get loose, babe, no dirty names, and just so you know where you're at, you don't get whipped and no nice hot irons. No marks on your

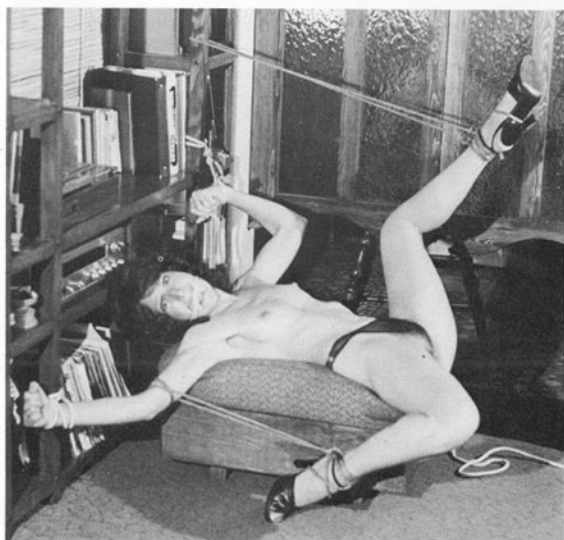


hide 'cept them ropes. Takes a bit longer but we got the time. Here, I'll get rid o' some of them clothes...and stretch your legs a bit so you look like a gal. Gal wants to show her bits and pieces lessen' she gets her little ass screwed. Damn confusing for a man..."



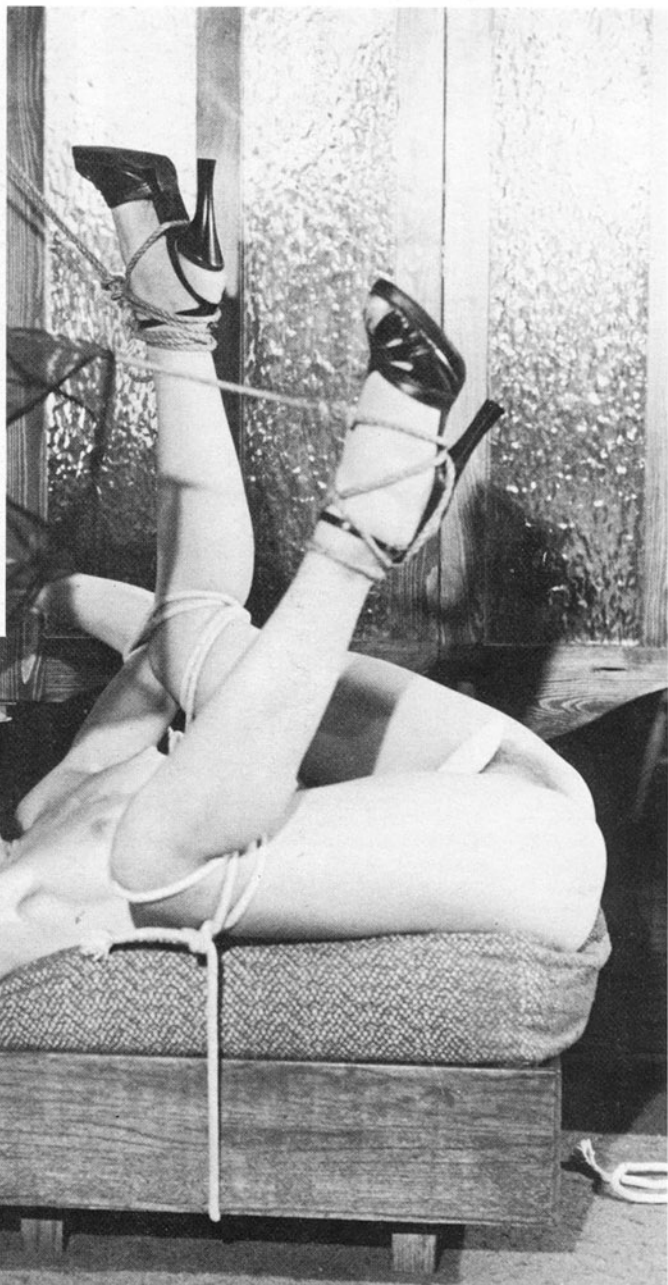
I howled and raved and threatened. While I was making a lot of noise he tied me in some bloody awful way so I was bent over with a rope splitting my cunt. Rab kept using the rotten word so I might as well. It was beastly! I wasn't going to sign that paper, but...! Then he gagged me. That was scary. I couldn't say yes or no or anything at all. I just made gurgling protests when he stretched me over the ottoman so that my arms were pulled out and back by scalding hurtful ropes and my ankles were pulled down and back so that my knees

and thighs seemed a mile apart and my pubic bush was the most prominent thing in the room. "Mebbe I should give you the first fuck now," Rab said thoughtfully, then did it. Hell no! It wasn't any fun and I didn't enjoy it. He was as rough as he could be, and explained that this one would be the first of many.









I just made glugging negative sounds as he experimented with my tying. I was naked now, and I noticed his care to always bind me so that my pussy, cunt to him, was always sort of waving a flag. I wondered if I'd have nipples left, the way he mauled and bit at them. I pulled miserably and hopelessly at the ropes and looked up at him with all sorts of expressions.

"We just started this little treatment, honey." He put

a heavy hand on the lips of my sex and began to knead, chuckling at the gasps he got out of me and the agonized suspense in my eyes. "Just a bit o' paper, kid! Want to sign?"

I don't want to sign. I can't say so, but I don't nod. I simply glare and slobber.

Rab nods, satisfied, and tugs on the rope that will stretch my legs wider and wider...

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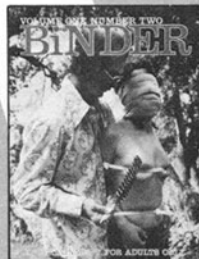
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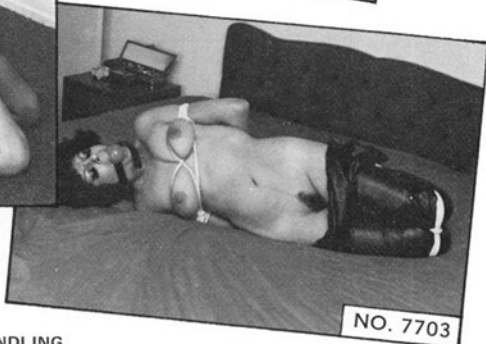
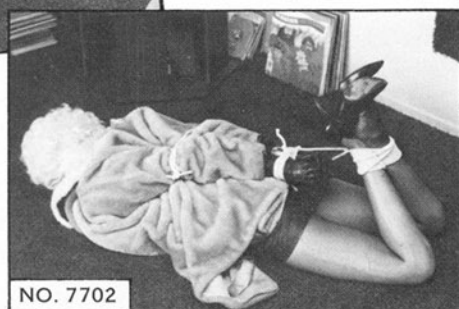
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# EROTIC BETRAYAL

He wasted no time. "Come about the job, eh?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Mellon. I'm so interested." Jennifer posed to what she knew was her best advantage.

A minute later she was bound. She did not quite know how. But it happened. Whatever strength she had did not seem to matter much in the struggle. Neither did her verbal protests. She made all the usual exclamations that maidens in distress do make but he paid no heed. He seemed a very busy man. It hurt Jennifer's pride to stand meekly while he tied her elbows together behind her back. But her hands were already bound tight, she was scared, and almost anything she did hurt. She was trembling as he hoisted her hands and arms up at the back on the funny pulley affair. Then her ankles got tied together and the worst thing of all happened. He yanked off her skirt. Jennifer knew her panties weren't all that large...sometimes there were a few stray hairs. "Why, why...? What do you want? Oh, don't do this...oh don't!"

"Just for kicks, lady." They were his first words.

"Kicks! You mean for fun...!"







The hood hid his face. But Jennifer was certain he was of an age that made rape probable. She did not mention it. "Is it money...something I can do? I'll do anything..."

"Open your mouth, lady."

Her acquiescence was politely automatic. Her reward was a gag. Without it she would have screamed as her sweater was hiked up and then torn off to display her breasts. Her hooded assailant eyed, and then handled them with a strange brutal reverence. "A man hits pay dirt sometimes," he said with deep satisfaction.

Jennifer was proud of her breasts. She knew them something special. Now she wished her chest had been flat. Handcuffed, corded, stretched, and in great pain, she stood helpless while her breasts were bound.





It seemed impossible! True, it was happening to her. But how could a girl's breasts be bound in the same manner as her hand or her foot! Jennifer had never heard of such an atrocity, such a violation of a girl's most feminine possessions. She stood in agony while it was done to her, her wails of anguish and protest absorbed soundlessly by the gag so that all she could do was drool.

He took great pains. He was an artist at an artist's job. The bound and half-naked Jennifer could not fail to know that, for this man, the binding of her breasts was something sacred and very meaningful. She could see no sense in it; a girl's breasts cannot run away, they cannot fight. But it was all too evident that her twin globes were to be made as tightly restricted as the rest of her. Perhaps he was mad. But then...perhaps if he did this to her he might not rape...! Or was this worse!

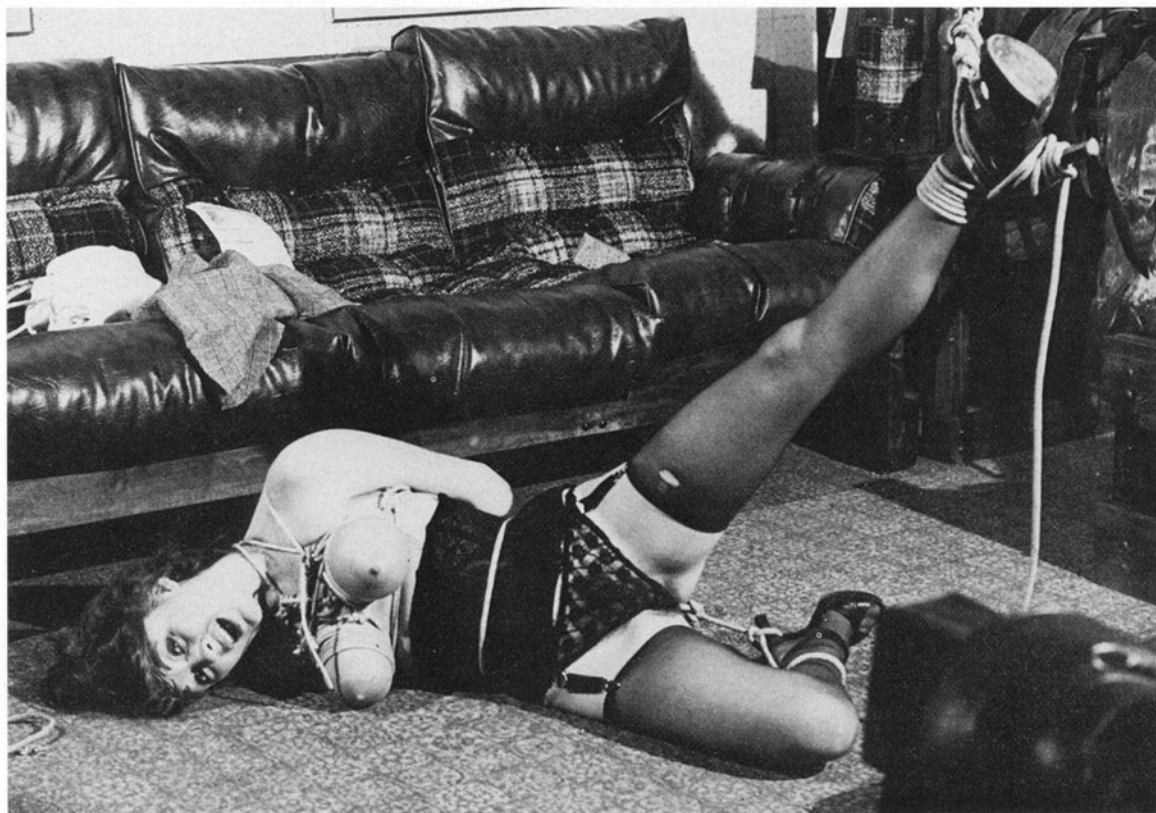
It took a long time. He was so fussy and so cruel in the placement of the ropes. As strand after strand was woven about her nakedness, Jennifer realized she would be halted. Little by little the constrictions increased, the soft mounds becoming firmer and firmer as the blood congested. When it was done her breasts were halted so that it hurt her to breathe. Each inhalation expanded the tortured globes within their circlets of rope as though they surged against their confinement in an effort to escape. When the tormented girl struggled in pain and protest her mammaries took on a new life of their own, seeming to weigh more than ever before and to easily gain an impetus of motion that sent them chafing against the brutal cords.





The next thing was inevitable. Jennifer had known it must happen. The hungry male lips sought her taut nipples and after awhile the teeth, so that she writhed in a new torment. Desperately she sought to catch sight of the features so close to her own. But the hood was

raised only enough to enable his new pleasure. He gorged upon the twin feasts he had created. When he paused for breath his fingers took the place of his lips. Jennifer screamed into her gag as he squeezed and pinched and bit. If only she had never seen the ad!













He stood back, surveying her. Jennifer knew herself a sacrifice, some sort of symbol to him. Her distended breasts and turgid nipples held his avid gaze. He could not leave them. As in a daze of happiness he gathered up strands of rope to make a cruel but serviceable whip. Looking deeply into her terrified eyes he swung back his arm.

Jennifer had read books. She had dreamed her own fantasies. She had listened to the whispered desires of others. But this! Surely it could not be! To whip the naked breasts of a girl! Oh no, no, no! She was peeling her denial when the first blow found her flesh, splaying out its several thongs in a splatting impact against flesh gathered and concentrated to receive their bites. Writhing in agony, Jennifer could have sworn she felt her nipples swell in traitorous ecstasy. When her breasts were etched with scarlet he went away and left her bound.

Fun! He did this for fun...







PRINTED IN U.S.A.